

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Wonce Again Long Island"

*[Pos Plug Wonder Why]*

(What the hell do you wanna be when you grow up?)

I wanna be a supa emcee

(Well you're already that) so let me step up to bat

Attack a hit to go beyond this age of rap counterfeits

Out of the heavens August one-seven, sixty-nine

Born I, wonder why with the thoughts to rhyme

Til there was no longer thoughts to dream

When an unpolished demo led to limos at the age of eighteen

Accompanied by the screams, Plug One

Shot up with fame like novacaine it made me numb

So numb I wouldn't been able to feel

Niggaz diggin in my pockets for my currency reels

But still, I make girls brown eyes blue at will (until)

my ass was no longer mass appeal

Oh shit, I guess that was all the fame I was allotted

Wait a minite, new video, like a leopard I'm spotted

in a night club chillin with Kamaal and Phife

I be that farmer cultivating owning acres of mics

And I likes to make it known Strong Island stylin

for a while, so do that dance

(Are you rockin the spot?) Yes I be

(Showin others they do not?) Yes I be

(Havin then towed from the lot?) Yes I be

That's my job as a supa emcee, I'm from Long Isle

Mobile, make it worth your while

If the jam needs motion I'm the one to dial

(Goin beyond ninety watts) Yes I be

(Well are you rockin it?) Yes, yes I be (rockin it!)

I can stress the makin of loot to feed the fam

While the voices impersonate the true who I am

Buzzin in my ear, oh you one of those wannabees

Always buzzin in my ear you down with supa emcees

Steppin to me with your pleas that you gots, butter rhymes

Man the only thing butter bout you is your spine

mad yellow, you can't rock the Mardi Gras, my mellow

Cause my stealth show more than knowledge of self

I got knowlegde of you, to know you a wack em-crew

(You mean wack emcee) Nah, a wack em-crew, see you a crew of wack niggaz

You should have never tried to test

These words that I Man, with the eye/I to Fest

While you sayin one thing really meaning the next

You're just a contra-DICK, your mind's been tampered WITH

Like some holy books, but looks to the sky  
Cause Wonder Why's here to save the day

(Are you rockin the spot?) Yes I be  
(showin others they do not?) Yes I be  
(Havin then towed from the lot) Yes I be  
Cause ultimately, I'm lettin all MC's know that  
what's the name of this crew? (De La, De La)  
Well alright, and what be the dish we servin?  
(We servin pos-dal!) Posdanos help the next get loose

Like an alcohol scenario rap be on the rocks  
Authenticity that missin fee to pay to join the flock of MC  
These niggaz stand lower than knees  
Dramatized in they eyes as the ones to please  
When rap kids apply violent pressure to father, brother and son  
for fun to say they inflict pain  
R&B niggaz lie to mother, sister, and daughter  
to have sex disguised as lovin in the rain  
Their words are more hallow than October 31st  
what's worse, hate to see the females  
switch to sexual mentality, it doesn't match with they given anatomy  
Man they rather be hoes like that male emcee  
Who walk around like they got nuts  
And use the tits and ass like a crutch  
Man the underground's about not bein exposed  
So you better take you naked ass and put on some clothes

man this be goin out to the kids from east smash (long island)  
amityville (long island)  
to all my people out in whinedance, bayshore (long island)  
C.I.'s in the place (long island)  
brinkwood, hempstead, all my (long island)  
brothers out in roosevelt, freeport (long island)  
uniondale to long beach (long island)  
to them girls out in huntington (long island)  
long island for real (long island)